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SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1910.

Comets that Are and Were.

After having thought the matter over carefully, and all but prayerfully, we have reached the deliberate conclusion that the comets of this generation are not what they were back in the ancient and honorable "good old times" of which the oldest inhabitants occasionally talk so engagingly and so astonishingly.

We have arrived at this decision, not in a pessimistic frame of mind, moreover—although most things said to have happened in the "good old times" usually are thought to have been quite superior, of course—but after an unbiased and impartial comparing of the records of the past with the actual facts as we see them to-day. We find, much to our sincere delight, that comets are improving; have been improving right along for several centuries. They are not nearly so terrifying as they used to be. Indeed, when one considers some of the astounding capers cut by comets of other and far distant days, one may be impelled, if not careful, to the stout suspicion that the comets of the present age are mere mollycoddles and weaklings.

In re Halley's comet, for example, we find one Ambrose Pare, perhaps the champion oldest inhabitant of Europe in the year of grace 1528, writing as follows:

"The comet was horrible and so terrible that some folk died of fear and others fell sick. It appeared to be of excessive length and was the color of blood. At the summit of it was seen the figure of a bent arm, holding in its hand a great sword, as if about to strike. At the end of the point there were three stars. On both sides of the rays of this comet were seen a great number of axes, knives, blood-colored swords, among which were a great number of hideous human faces with beards and bristling hair."

It has been many and many a day since an oldest inhabitant claimed to remember having seen a comet rigged up in any such grim and grewsomely ridiculous manner as that. Thank heavens, the stars of modern persuasion go in less for tragedy and melodrama and more for legitimate and light comedy. Celestial swashbucklers and bloodthirsty villains may have been entertaining enough, after a fashion, but we infinitely prefer an up-to-date John Drew sort of comet, as it were.

Viewing the comet situation calmly and dispassionately, and without even the aid of a telescope or other instrument with which to deceive ourselves even ever so slightly, ladies and gentlemen, we have decided that, taken all in all, the outlook is most optimistic, and that if comets are not yet altogether as good as they might be, they will be in another five hundred years or so.

Bravery of Women.

No advocate of the suffrage cause has done more continuous or better service than Lady Cook, who was Tennessee Claflin, and whose efforts in behalf of her sex have made her name known throughout the world. Lady Cook in a recent article takes exception to a generally accepted view that men, rather than women, embody what is known as human courage. She finds that men arrogate to themselves the honor and glory that go with bravery, and that the same men regard women as timid and cowardly creatures. Then they use this as an argument against woman suffrage. She proceeds to demonstrate this to be fallacious.

Like a good debater, she admits, in the beginning, various weaknesses of her cause, argues them away, and then makes her telling point. She does not deny that some women occasionally have affectation; that some are scared at meeting harmless cows, as though they were ferocious bulls; and that some jump in terror at sight of a mouse. These she holds are errors of education. Mandeville, in his "Search Into the Nature of Society," finds man to be a timid animal, who would not fight unless offended or at bay, could he have what he wants without fighting for it. With the complexities of civilization, this no longer holds true, and man has learned to be quarrelsome, courageous, and self-reliant. Lady Cook avers that cognate qualities are found in both sexes throughout the animal kingdom, and, therefore, argues that if men are brave their mothers and sisters must likewise possess the same quality.

Conceding the conspicuous valor of men, which she recognizes to the fullest, she believes that women are capable of the same quality, and that should this be encouraged in them it would develop until they possessed bravery in an equal degree with men. Our training has been wrong, and the education of women along these lines neglected.

A comparison of men and women, when moral courage, rather than physical is considered, gives women all the better of it. At least, so says the British suffragette. While she concedes that men are stronger physically, she maintains that women excel in moral courage. Mankind is like a plant. It requires favorable soil for its full expansion, both of natural and innate powers. Woman has been shut out from the exercise of physical faculties. Hence, it is no reflection on her if she be weaker. But when it comes to physical self-sacrifice, to the giving of one's life to save those near to us, woman stands out. Woman's love is stronger than her fears. In loyalty, truthfulness, fidelity, sobriety, honesty, and pity she is immeasurably above man, says Lady Cook. This is due to the fact that a higher standard of moral conduct has been constantly demanded from her from remotest times. With the throwing off of political shackles she will come into her own, and the "new women," who are already men's moral superiors, are fast becoming men's intellectual equals. According to the suffragette view, the outlook for sexual equality grows brighter, and when it arrives it will give a universal impetus to progress, and mark a new and happy era for humanity.

A Defense of Climate.

An animated protest against the American newspaper libel of the climate of the Philippine Islands is to be found in the annual report of the board of health at Manila. The director of health, Dr. V. G. Heiser, who is an official of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, shows impatience in the document he has submitted with the failure of the newspapers at home to state accurately the conditions prevailing in the islands. His remarks on the subject are worth reproduction:

"An obstacle of no small importance with which the American government in the Philippine Islands has had to contend, but one which is generally not taken into consideration, is that of the widespread misinformation concerning the islands. From Hamburg to Hongkong, from Singapore to the Suez, from Washington to San Francisco, it is the same. The climate, one of the best of its kind in the world; the people, the great majority of whom are peaceful and contented; the resources, still largely undeveloped; the harbors and the safety of the waters; the health condition, not by any means bad, and the government, which, if it has erred at all, has erred on the side of kindness and magnanimity, all come in for their share of misrepresentation. Even matters about which accurate data could be had for the asking are the subject of grossly misleading newspaper articles, which, in some cases, possess enough truth to give them an aspect of plausibility."

This defense of the climate, the people, the resources, and the geography of the Philippines may be read with profit on the part of the offending press. At the same time, it has been found inadvisable to keep the military force in the islands longer than a period of two years, and few officers find it advantageous to their personal health to remain for a longer period in the tours of duty which find them in any part of the islands. Of course, there are places where the climate is conducive to health, but there are few of the localities where the military force is stationed which could be properly described as health resorts. Too much may not be said in praise of the medical officers of the army and the public health authorities for the way in which they have overcome the disasters of climate in the Philippines. The same beneficial results have attended the vigilant enforcement of rules of sanitation which distinguished the career of the medical officers in Cuba and Porto Rico and now on the Isthmus of Panama. It is entirely a question of maintaining cleanliness in the inhabited localities and of driving out the pestilential mosquito. Cuba speedily reverted to an unhealthy condition when the American army came back from the island; and when the American medical officers returned to Cuba with the army of pacification, they found it necessary to resume their work of reclamation. In Porto Rico American medical authority has been uninterrupted, with the result that dreaded epidemics have been avoided. The improved conditions on the Isthmus of Panama under Col. Gorgas have amounted to a miracle, as compared with the hopeless and helpless condition previously prevailing. Such men as Gorgas have practically changed a climate by depriving it of its terrors and its fatalities.

It is only fair to say that the American newspapers which have contained criticisms of Philippine climate and the rest of the situation on the islands have gained their information from people who have been there and who must have had the experience which justifies their prejudice. It is probable that the Philippine Islands will not become in many years a haven of refuge for people in search of health. It will be accomplishing all that is expected of the medical profession in the islands if the sanitary conditions are maintained so there may be no great disaster among those who are compelled to stay there.

For a sort of star performer, the comet did not make much of a hit with this old earth, after all.

"The really great Presidents of the United States never did much talking while in office," observes the New York World. The World, however, has long been identified with the amen corner of the Ananias Club.

The Pullman Company will fight the effort to force a reduction of its upper-berth rates. We tender the information merely as a matter of fact, and not as something in the nature of news, of course.

In view of recent Republican stand-pat successes in Ohio, we deem it advisable to call attention to the fact that we never have said, right out loud in meeting, that Senator Dick is not going to be re-elected to the United States Senate.

The Speaker should not be too hard on the college professors. Not all men are able to attain high political office and spend the twilight of their lives secure in a nation's unquestioning and undivided love and esteem.

Somebody should hang a framed "Love One Another" motto on the wall of the room wherein the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation is being conducted.

A Chicago man recently made an affidavit to the effect that he was born in 1934. Our idea is that this man spins unusually interesting and convincing fish yarns now and then.

"Copenhagen received the colonel with an enthusiasm easily equaling that with which it received Dr. Cook," notes a contemporary. The populace pointedly refrained this time, however, from hanging any garlands around its hero's neck!

The comet passed so quietly and unostentatiously that we assume it did not even hold so much as a pair of deuces.

It is a wise statesman that knows his own stenographer nowadays.

Oh, well; the comet's schedule, like the railroad's, is "subject to change without notice," of course.

"His (Roosevelt's) nomination was in every way discreditable both to Platt, his party, and himself," says the Richmond Virginian. At least to "both," if at all, we should say.

An ex-governor of a State having been caught in an apparent attempt at smuggling, involuntarily one inclines to hunt up a softer and more polite term in which to speak of the offense. Nevertheless, smuggling is smuggling!

By general consent, King Edward is going down in history as "Edward the Peacemaker." And yet there are those who would say that Edward was, really, pretty much of a mollycoddle.

For Col. Franklin P. Adams' collection of "superfluous information," we quote the following headline from the Savannah News: "Liliuokalani loses again."

A physician avers that "ordinary kissing is sanitary." And a lot of folks will risk the other kind right along.

"Astronomers were astounded to discover——" began a lot of news stories the day after the comet was supposed to brush by. Reminded us of Democratic post-election talk.

There is always somebody who will say a good word for any Congressman. There invariably is the Congressman, you know.

Mr. Alfred Austin says he never reads what the critics say of his poetry. He might read what they say of Mr. Kipling's latest offering. That might bring some consolation to his soul.

"Why visit Texas?" inquires the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Nobody who ever visited Texas knows.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

The More Important.

From the Memphis News.

Mr. Roosevelt fails to get his name in the census, but he never fails to get in the newspapers.

No Doubt About Result.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

The danger is that the gas of the comet may collide with that in the vicinity of Congress.

Not a Chance to Lose.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mr. Cannon says business offers greater rewards than politics. But when business is combined with politics?

The Unpardonable Sin.

From the Chicago Journal.

Henry Cabot Lodge wears the Aldrich collar, but the people of Massachusetts will scarcely retire him unless he splits an infinitive.

Will the Hoosiers Hike?

From the Buffalo Express.

Now that Roosevelt and Bryan are to stump Indiana, General Apathy is looking for a cavern in the very depths of the tall timber.

Greatest of All Dams.

From the Kansas City Star.

Mr. Roosevelt has lately visited Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Potadam, and can point with pride to the fact that the Roosevelt Dam in Arizona is the biggest in the world.

What's the Use?

From the Norfolk Landmark.

If wishes were horses, beggars would ride. If Mr. Taft had taken the Supreme Court position offered by President Roosevelt, Gov. Hughes, of New York, would be President of the United States to-day, there would be no Aldrich-Payne tariff, there would be no Ballingers in the Cabinet, and every legitimate interest would be better off.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE POET.

He roosts up in his hall bedroom,
And eyes the wall.
Around him hangs an air of gloom,
Like a pall.

The carpet is a faded blur,
The paper peels.
There is an odor, as it were,
Of vanished meals.

He owes a dollar for his wash,
And two for rent;
He can't command in ready cash
A single cent.

Yet he does not bewail his plight,
Or roundly curse;
But placidly proceeds to write
His cheer-up verse.

Always a Way.

"News is scarce this week," said the editor of the Plunkville Palladium.

"Hard put to it, are ye?"

"Oh, no; I kin fill up with advice to the new King."

A Wealth of Description.

"When a man on the home team strikes out, he strikes out. It can be stated in plain English."

"Well?"

"But when he makes a base hit, he wafts a daisy bingle over left garden for an initial sacker."

But Can't Fly.

An aviator is one who can talk about flying in very technical terms.

An Early Example.

Rameses carved his worthy name
On every rock of any size,
And got it handed down to fame—
You see it pays to advertise.

Trying a Bluff.

"See here, John. While unpacking your last summer's suit, I found a blonde hair on the coat."

"Well, weren't you a blonde last summer?"

The First Thousand.

"It's the first thousand dollars that's hard to get."

"That's right," assented the owner of the garage. "After you separate 'em from that, they'll loosen to any extent."

Too Much.

"Our railroads must be made safe."

"Right you are," declared the suburbanite. "A man ought not to have to carry his life in his hands in addition to his other packages."

WATCH YOUR ADVERBS.

From the Chicago Tribune.

We like the purist. He it is who in the midst of the most heated national debates, when the whole country is sleeping over the issues which are rending it, calls attention to the fact that the President, or the Speaker, or the second assistant auditor of waste baskets has split an infinitive. Or when a financial purist tells us how pained he is that the panic has unsettled business and we are being paid in cashiers' certificates, the Secretary of the Treasury insists on putting a preposition at the end of a sentence.

He has broken out again—in the New York Post, of course. It is the misplacing of the adverb this time. Some newspaper headliner placed over Mr. Taft's speech the words, "Mr. Taft constantly was Interrupted by Applause." This puts the purist into sackcloth and ashes. "The worst offense of all," he says, "is the misplacement of the adverb."

We agree with him. This is of the highest importance. The tariff sinks into insignificance compared with it. It is the curse of modern life. It is dragging the nation to the lowest depths. Whatever you do, do not misplace your adverbs. Keep them where you can lay your hands on them when necessary.

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

The Picturesque Philip II of Spain—May 21.

One of the most interesting characters in history is Philip II of Spain and quite the most interesting figure in Spanish annals. Late on the afternoon of May 21, 1527, Philip of Austria first saw the light in Valladolid, the ancient capital of New Castile. An overpowering sense of the greatness of his coming destiny pervaded the birth of the Emperor's first born. His mother had ordered her face to be hidden from the light so that no involuntary sign of her pain should be visible while her babe was brought into the world. To the remonstrances of her attendants, who urged her not to repress the natural expression of her sufferings, the Empress replied: "No; die I may, but wail I will not."

And not in the gloomy old palace alone was the importance of the event impressed upon mankind. The ruin that extended empire was destined to bring upon Spain had not proceeded far enough to be recognized by the citizens of the street.

Throughout Philip's life fate decreed that his brightest hopes should end in gloom and disappointment. The demonstrations of joy that heralded his birth were silenced by the dread news that only two weeks before (May 6) the Emperor's troops had sacked Rome. In a moment the rejoicings of Valladolid were turned into mourning.

The education of Philip during the absence of the Emperor from Spain, from August, 1529, to May, 1533, was confined to the Empress and to one of her Portuguese ladies, Leonor de Mascarenhas. Philip was a preternaturally grave and silent child, with fair pink and white skin and silky yellow hair. The gloomy etiquette of the Castilian court, the atmosphere of grim devotion that surrounded the Empress, and the ever-recurring suggestion that his father was engaged in a struggle on the side of God against the powers of evil struck deeply into the nature of the child. He was a descendant of a line of religious mystics, some of whom had crossed the border line of insanity. He sprang from the union of first cousins, and the curse of epilepsy was in his blood. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the effect of his ancestry and his surroundings were visible from his earliest years.

At the age of twelve he lost his mother. She had borne the Emperor two other sons, both of whom died of epilepsy in their infancy, so that Philip remained the sole heir of his father's greatness. In the autumn of 1542 the dauphin, with an army of 40,000 men, overran Rousillion, which then belonged to the Crown of Aragon, and besieged Perpignan. It was his initiation in warfare, but he saw no actual fighting, for Henry of Valois abandoned the siege. The prince was barely sixteen years of age when he was intrusted with Charles' secret system of government, which thenceforward became his own and swayed most of the actions of his life.

On January 16, 1556, the crowns of Spain were transferred to Philip, and Charles remained Emperor only in name, the most powerful monarch in the world. But he fought his way along to his own death and the almost total ruin of his nation. His defeat by the English at Cadiz gave the last blow to the naval supremacy of Spain. Suffering intense agony, he was carried in a litter to the great granite palace, the Escorial, on which he had squandered vast sums, wrung from his miserable people, where he died on September 13, 1598.

On May 21, 1849, the Manchester ship canal was opened and St. Helena was discovered in 1501. It is the date on which the head of the Department of Agriculture was made a member of the President's Cabinet in 1888. It is the birthday of Alexander Pope, the poet (1688); Bryan Edwards, the English historian (1743); Reverdy Johnson, Attorney General under Taylor and Fillmore (1796), and upon which Robert Harley, prime minister under Queen Anne, died in 1724, and Dr. Thomas Wharton, British poet, in 1750.

VOTES FOR WOMEN.

From the Boston Globe.

For thirty years unmarried women and widows over twenty-five who are householders or self-supporting have had the right to vote for parish and town councils in Iceland. Two years ago all married women in the two principal towns on the island were given the right to the municipal franchise and the privilege of sitting in the councils. And now the Icelandic National Woman's Suffrage Association, with 10,000 members, is working to obtain full political and civil rights for women on the same terms as men.

If there is a country anywhere in the world in which women ought to have the right to vote—if they want it—that country is surely Iceland. The women there are never idle. They have no time for "society." They assist the men in agricultural work and in fishing. They spin, knit, weave. Besides rearing and educating their children, they find leisure for training the mind, and through translations they keep in touch with the best of European literature. There is not an illiterate women on the whole island. If such women want to vote, it would be difficult to dispute their qualifications.

Two Creditable Records.

From the Omaha Bee.

A Virginia preacher has married his fifth wife, but what is that beside an Omaha parson who boasts of having married somewhere near 1,300?

PEOPLE AND THINGS.

The Oldest Horse.

Mr. Joseph Guest, of Chestertown, Md., owns a horse which is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, of his species in America, says the New York Mail. The animal celebrated the forty-first anniversary of his birth on May 6 by cavorting joyously around in a beautiful pasture and performing a few unstudied stunts in high kicking that a yearling colt might have envied. On the day that Samuel J. Tilden was nominated for President, in 1876, this horse, a big, sleek sorrel, then called Stonewall, was driven to a town twenty-five miles away, where his owner, a great admirer of the Democratic nominee, changed Stonewall's name to Samuel J. Tilden in honor of his party candidate, and under that name he is still living in ease and comfort. But there have been, and possibly still are, older horses than this Maryland veteran. At the horse show in New York three or four years ago there was exhibited a horse once used in the street car service that was said to be forty-three years old. Perhaps some reader knows of one still more aged.

Clocks on Stockings.

The meaning of the three marks on the back of a glove and the clocks on a stocking were two of the little mysteries in dress explained by Wilfrid Mark Webb in a lecture before the Shelbourne Society in London recently. Mr. Webb took as the subject of his lecture "Clothes as a human nature study," and he told a great many interesting things. The three marks, he said, found on the back of the glove correspond to the fourchette pieces between the fingers, and in the old days these pieces were continued along the back of the hand, braid being used to hide the seams. A somewhat similar origin was assigned to the ornamental "clock" on the stocking. In the days when stockings were made of cloth the seams came where the "clocks" do now, the ornamentation then being used to hide the seams. The useless little bow in the leather band lining a man's hat is a survival of the time when a hat was made by taking a piece of leather, boring a series of holes in it, running a lace through, and drawing it up. The helmet of a fireman is of the same type as that of the Greeks, and has hardly been altered at all, Mr. Webb told his audience. The uniform worn by a modern page boy could be traced back to the costume fashionable for little boys in the first years of Queen Victoria's reign, and the dress of the lord mayor's coachman was that of a fine gentleman of George III's time.

A Peculiar Lake.

It is said that the natives living near the shores of Lake Van, which is situated on the Persian frontier, utilize the waters of that unusually beautiful inland sea for washing their clothing without even the slightest thought of soap in connection therewith. The water is strongly impregnated with a potash of some kind, which renders it soft and soapy, as though there had been dissolved in it a large quantity of soap. Lake Van is some sixty miles long and ranges from twenty to thirty miles in width. Around the lake are situated many rich farms, while hustling little villages are in plenty, chief among them being the thriving city of Van. There are a number of sailing boats on the lake engaged in traffic, which appears to be very heavy, but the boats are of such unwieldy construction that they can only sail before the wind, and frequently a boat is compelled to wait a week or ten days for a favorable breeze.

Dogs in Churches.

"If an infant cannot be kept quiet in church," says the Weybridge Parish Magazine, "it should, like a good resolution, be carried out at once." That reminds one of Dean Ramsay's story of the beadle's answer to the minister who, annoyed by the whining and finally the outright barking of a dog during his sermon, cried, "John, carry that dog out." "Na, na," said the beadle, looking up to the pulpit, "T'se just mak' him gae out on his ain four legs." But another beadle scored more heavily off his minister in similar circumstances. This minister had a way of shouting at the top of his voice as he warmed to his sermon, and thereby he excited a dog in the congregation to howl. The beadle obeyed the order from the pulpit to expel the dog, but remarked reproachfully, "Ay, ay, sir; but, indeed, it was yourself began it."

AT THE HOTELS.

"Almost any day one may see a group of men of a type new to the park standing on the benches on the walk in Seward Park, at Hester and Essex streets, New York," said Simon S. Baehr, a merchant, of New York, at the New Willard last night.

"Many of them have saws and hammers in their hands. Planes stick out of their pockets. Others, wearing the white overalls of the plasterers, have trowels wrapped carefully in cloth. One who is seated may hold in his lap a bundle of large pieces of irregular-shaped window glass. The glass is dirty and looks as if it had been picked up from the wreckage of some house or an ash barrel.

"At his feet on the cement walk is a pail, containing a supply of putty and the implements for putting glass in windows. Others have bags, containing tools, slung over their backs. Some have kinky beards and all bear some of the facial characteristics of the Jew.

"A relatively well-dressed man approaches the group. Immediately the men surround the stranger. They elbow each other in their desire to 'get next.' They argue with each other over the point.

"'Job?' asks one who knows a few words of English. The others eagerly watch the stranger's face.

"'No, no,' the stranger replies.

"This is a labor market. Its presence is the evidence of a new class of labor in the New York market. It is not many years ago that the market for the sale of this sort of labor established itself. The Jew as a skilled workman in the building trades is becoming a factor in the construction of certain classes of buildings in New York. One is accustomed to think of the Jew as a worker on garments, or as engaged in speculative trading. Many of the tenements and apartment houses of the city are being erected for Jewish owners by Jewish contractors employing Jewish labor.

"The Jew practically controls the supply of constructive sheet metal work, such as cornices, skylights, roofing, &c., for tenement and apartment houses. The Jew and the Italian divide the stucco and ornamental plaster relief work between them.

"The percentage of Jews engaged in trades and doing manual labor for a living is greater in New York than in any other city in the world. It will not be many years before the Jew in America will be as plentiful in the trades as any other race or religion."

Steele F. Griggs, a Chicago lawyer, who was seen at the Raleigh, in speaking of the statuary which is gracing the streets of Washington, wanted to know what had become of the proposed Barry statue.

"The competition for a model for the Barry statue has long been closed, as I understand it, and yet no final selection has been made for a suitable monument for the great Irish sea fighter who really is the father of the American navy.

"What is it that prevents that justice be done to the memory of this doughty Irishman? Is it politics, or what is it that has obstructed the plans to memorialize Barry?

"The Irish people of this country should naturally be consulted in the selection of a design, because Barry was one of their race, and it is due to the Irish societies that Congress appropriated funds for the erection of a Barry statue. Whatever the Irish populace will select, it will be satisfactory to the rest of the country, as there are numerous artists of the first rank to be found among the Irish citizens of this country.

"On the official navy list, Barry, like all other officers of his time, ranks no higher than captain. But his will always be the distinction of having captured the first British naval vessel ever captured by an American, and also of having fought the last naval engagement of the Revolutionary war. The facts of his record bestow sufficient glory without giving him a title—that of admiral—which he never bore."

There is a tradition, according to Lewis S. Peters, of Richmond, who is at the Riggs, that James Buchanan kept the best whisky of any of the Presidents. Mr. Peters said:

"I have read the statement that he had in his cellar at Wheatland enormous quantities of the best rye whisky in the world when he died. It was said, and the story was told with the precision and circumstantiality that gave it the impress of truth, that whisky—that is, good whisky, and such whisky as he drank—had no other intoxicating effect on James Buchanan than a gentle exhilaration, and that he could drink a gallon of it a day without perceptible effect or his physique or the slightest disorder of his mind.

"There was a story that John Tyler, when President, wanted to find out what the Democratic party was doing in the field of politics, and with that end in view selected two seasoned Virginia topers to interview Buchanan, then a United States Senator, get him drunk, and induce him to talk. The parties met at the Astor House in New York, and shortly after midnight Tyler's emissaries were both under the table, and old Buck, in full possession of all his faculties and President Tyler's political secrets, trotted off to bed."

Lesson for New Congressmen.

A. C. Hinds, in McClure's.

William Pinckney, considered in his day the greatest of American orators, came to the House in the fullness of fame, having been Attorney General of the United States and minister to half the courts of Europe. Soon after arriving, he took the floor one day to speak on the treaty-making power. An old member of twenty years' service, voicing the general opinoin that a new member should serve an apprenticeship before becoming an instructor, replied to him, with the reference, "The gentleman from Maryland," and then, pausing, as if not certain, added, "I believe he is from Maryland."

Less delicate hints are sometimes given now when a new member sets out to instruct the House, as did a young man of some reputation a few years ago. A veteran gray-haired member crossed the hall, settled himself in a chair directly in front of the young orator and, looking up into his face, said: "Now, give us a good one, young man."

Big Damages.

From the St. Louis Star.

"Did Simpkins get any damages in that assault case?"

"Did he? My dear fellow, you ought to see his face."

A Bum Guesser.

From an Exchange.

"I'd like to get a tablet," said the customer, addressing the drug clerk.

"Dyspepsia or writing?" inquired the clerk.

A Hit for Every Head.

THE BIG STICK

Wielded for the Uplift.

VOL. IV. NO. 1. WASHINGTON, MAY 21, 1910. TWO CENTS.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Our Motto: If you see it in The Big Stick, it isn't necessarily so.

NO NAMES MENTIONED.

We had thought that the Big Stick was so firmly ensconced in the hearts of its subscribers that it would require a more than extraordinary cataclysm to get any of them hot under the collar. But such is the vanity of man, alas!

Only yesterday another was added to our already lengthy list of woes. Two "stop" orders, drastically penned, in most sarcastically polite terms, but distinctly to the point, were received, and while we have cut these unappreciative brethren off without a penny, as it were, we take extreme pleasure in showing them up in the hope that their cases may serve as an example and warning to others waywardly inclined.

No. 1 wrote us some days ago asking our advice as to the best method of keeping his trousers creased.

No. 2 desired a good scheme for preventing his shoes from pinching his corns.

Answers were duly forwarded by mail, in the best of good faith, and it so happened that the answer in each case was identical, viz: Wear them as little as possible.

Now, while these answers are as nearly a correct solution of the difficulties in question as we were able to unearth from our magnificent reference library and our wealth of experience, Nos. 1 and 2 jumped at the wrong conclusions—in both instances taking "little" to mean "small," whereas such was not our intention—became peeved over what looked like a joke at their expense, and forthwith withdrew their names from our subscription lists.

Any one with half sense can see that wearing trousers as "small" as possible is not going to preserve a newly pressed appearance, and that wearing shoes as "small" as possible is certainly not going to benefit one's corns; but wearing either to as small an extent as possible will unquestionably bring about the desired result.

Of course, we don't feel that we are to blame for such an idiotic interpretation being placed upon our clear-cut answers, and we think we are better off without the friendship and support of such subscribers as are thus easily miffed.

Out upon them, say we!

BY YE LOCAL SCRIBE.

F. H. Bethell is in town. Welcome!

Herbert Morsell would rather speak than sing any time.

James Sharpe Henry, who is trouting in Maine, writes that he is getting in the pink of condition. Good!

Jim Hooe, better known as J. Cecil Hooe, the poet, has quit writing odes and gone to farming. Don't blame him. Genius is usually unappreciated.

THE BIG STICK'S HALL OF FAME—No. 5.

DAVID S. PORTER.

A popular Washingtonian who continually grows younger instead of older, is the division manager of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company. Here you have him as one of the "boys of '62." His reminiscences of those stirring days are of thrilling interest to his surviving comrades. At the Board of Trade shad bake yesterday he gave a vivid account of the grand review which closed the civil war.

BOARD OF TRADE JOTTINGS.

When it comes to sprinting, Tom Noyes takes the bakery.

William M. Shuster likes planked shad, but he gently murmurs, "Oh, you planked trout."

Charley Langley and Charley Crane did a brother soap-bubble-blowing act at Marshall Hall.

A Board of Trade excursion is a signal for Billy Ellis to drop business and enjoy life for the period of twenty-four hours.

Lieut. George W. Evans, who hasn't missed a cent in the many millions that he has disbursed for Uncle Sam, likewise never misses a trick at a planked shad dinner.

C. P. Gleim intended to take Gus Cook down to the Board of Trade shad bake in his wonderful "Hussy," but feared a breakdown or a hold-up. C. P. wouldn't take any chances of losing a fish dinner on fish day.

Eddie McQuade can handle hungry men on a par with To-Ka-Lon.

Alex. McKenzie can get away with shad in a manner befitting an assessor of D. C. property.

Frank Reeside, the well-known singer, rendered, in perfect unison, the song of the "Snapping Turtle" and "Shad Roe."

Insurgents were in the majority on the Board of Trade excursion. The only regulars present were Maj. Ed. Neumeyer and his dinner committee.

When Capt. James F. Oyster looked at the shad on the planks he was heard to remark, "Those fellows keep a pretty alignment, but they will soon be in disorder."

To be eligible to membership in the Board of Trade hereafter, an applicant must be expert in potato racing and running three-legged races. So says the chairman of the membership committee, J. Louis Willige.

ONE VICTIM.

(In response to the Big Stick's request for records of "strange or unusual experiences" during the passing of the comet, I herewith tender the following, which was written Thursday morning, at an early hour, and while the impressions were yet fresh in my mind.)

Last night, oh, I felt so peculiar;
Last night as I lay on my bed!
I picked up an afternoon paper,
And these are the things that I read:

"Uncle Joe has become an insurgent;"
"Victor Murdock's a standpatter bold;"
"Mr. Glavis has squealed on G. Pinchot,
And Pinchot's now out in the cold;"
"Champ Clark has declined a proposal
To deliver a lecture or two;"
"Archie Butt has grown shrinking and modest,
And keeps himself well out of view;"
"Mr. Taft has become a good hater,
And is wielding a whacking Big Stick;"
"Mr. Aldrich, discussing the tariff,
Says it is a blooming gold brick;"
"Mr. Cummins and Kean of New Jersey
Have agreed to sail in the same boat;"
"La Follette's quit speaking, forever;"
"Mr. Bacon is ready to vote;"
"Congress is awfully busy—
Hasn't loafed on its job in a week;"
"For fifteen whole minutes last Friday,
Mr. Mann was observed not to speak!"

I awoke! Hully gee! I was trembling!
And I had a fierce pain in my dome.
My last observation was frightful!
"It is rumored T. R. won't come home!" RALPH LEE.

CALL ME EARLY.

Directors will propose. The family servant may dispose!

The simple suburban employe now has to rise with the sun. He will soon have to become familiar with the bird concert.

This is not keeping the poor working man down; it is getting him up.

You'll have to cut out those late suppers, girls.

The Director will take a new kind of census—of the sleepy-heads.

The first indignation meeting will be called by the Mary Anns and Lucindas.

Of course, the long-hour shop clerk will be let off early, too, as a consequence—perhaps.

Breakfast is now gobble and git. Under the new plan it will be git without gobbling.

When the new custom is well established sombody up on the hill will discover that clerks get off entirely too early. Then what?

WALDO HIBBS.

Read the Bingville Bugle to-morrow.